

THE NUR AFSEAN

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

Vol. XI

LUDHIANA:—July 20th, 1907.

No. 29

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, July 10.

Sir A. Bilsen, who was knighted in the last Birthday honours, was taken ill in the lobby of the House of Commons and died.

The House adjourned; Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman paying a brief tribute to the deceased Member.

The Federal Government has instituted proceedings against the American Tobacco and other companies including the British Imperial Tobacco Company, all constituting a tobacco trust, for the purpose of stopping the combinations and monopolies created by them which divide the tobacco business of the world.

The Belgian Government has resolved to annex the Congo.

The Belgian Premier introduces a Bill accordingly.

London, July 11.

The *Standard's* correspondent in St. Petersburg states that through the bulk of the diplomats and officials are on a holiday Sir A. Nicolson and M. Izvolsky are still in St. Petersburg in spite of the torrid heat and are immersed in Anglo-Russian negotiations which are proceeding without a hitch.

It is expected that they will be concluded before the Autumn.

Tibetan and Afghan questions are already exhausted and Persian Problems are now being discussed.

Owing to complete mutual confidence no difficulties are being experienced but the intricacy and multiplicity of the questions demand much time.

Reuter's correspondent at Shanghai telegraphs that in reply to the Anti-Opium League the Viceroy states that he has fixed August 8th for the strict enforcement of the closure of the opium dens throughout Kiangsu and that he has written to the Chinese delegation at The Hague to address the Conference on the subject of foreign co operation in the suppression of the opium traffic.

Admiral Yamamoto has arrived in New York.

He urged the maintenance of friendly Japanese and American relations, and said that the passing storm would disappear from the waters of the Pacific.

Admiral Evans visited Admiral Yamamoto.

The Tobacco Trust includes a number of cading financiers and business men in America.

The counsel for the Government states that a criminal prosecution of some of the defendants to conspiracy in restraint of trade is highly probable.

Several New York papers question the policy and efficiency of the Government action.

London, July 12.

Vicount Aeki, the Japanese Ambassador at Washington, has issued a statement declaring that there is no difference or ill feeling whatever between the Japanese and the American Governments. All the talk of trouble is a mere phantom evoked by trouble hunters.

At Oyster Bay Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt gave a luncheon to Admiral Yamamoto and other Japanese naval men.

The American Secretary of State, Mr. Bacon, was present.

A telegram from New York states that Admiral Yamamoto in a speech yesterday said that the cordial relations between America and Japan would never be destroyed by trifling incident. He

appealed to leading Americans not to allow themselves to be led by sentiment from the paths of righteousness.

The Government Bill for making women eligible for County Councils and Borough Councils has passed through the committee stage of the House of Lords without any material amendment.

A mysterious fire has occurred aboard the battleship *Goulois* in the Mediterranean squadron but was soon extinguished.

Negotiations for the resumption of diplomatic relations between Greece and Rumania have been successfully concluded.

The exceptional measures in both countries have been abolished.

London, July 14.

Reuter, telegraphing from Seoul, states that twenty four men have been discovered concealed in the ladies' apartments in the palace. It is believed that they intended to assassinate the Ministers.

Six of the Kief mutineers mentioned on the 19th June have been sentenced to death, twelve to penal servitude for life, and eighty others to lesser sentences.

London, July 13.

The King and Queen have arrived at Cardiff.

Their Majesties opened a new dock at Cardiff. The town was *en fete* and gave Their Majesties a magnificent popular demonstration.

London, July 14.

His Majesty knighted the Lord Mayor of Cardiff who is a working mason.

Replying to an address presented by the coalowners His Majesty said that he proposed to establish a decoration for valour in connection with mines and quarries.

London, July 15.

The arrival of the *Monmouth* at Yokohama was made the occasion of remarkable demonstration of friendship with Great Britain.

Reuter, telegraphing from Tokio, states that Baron Hayashi has gone to Seoul *incognito*.

Prince Henry of Prussia and a squadron are *en route* for Bergen where they will meet a British cruiser squadron.

It is believed that the Kaiser, who is now at Bergen yachting, will review the combined fleet.

Mr. Runciman, replying to Mr. Rees, said that final contracts have been concluded at Shanghai for the Nanking Canton and Hong Kong lines.

As regards the remaining British railway concessions, the negotiations are proceedings, though the progress is slow.

The Government, Mr. Runciman said, does not anticipate that China will fail in the end to respect the obligations incurred.

The cruiser *Cambrian* landed a force in the New Hebrides to avenge the murder of a European.

The natives had some firearms and a blue-jackets was killed and another wounded.

A thousand troops have left Pex to combine with the forces concentrating in Hymass country for the purpose of effecting the release of Sir Henry Maclean.

London, July 16.

In the House of Lords Lord Camperdown called attention to the lack of time given to the House of Lords to deal with Bills passed by the House of Commons.

Lord Lansdowne declared that the Lords will not submit to having many Bills forced on them during the last fortnight of the session and would insist that legislation should be decently and deliberately conducted.

MADE IN JAPAN

LION

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The July number of the "Indian Interpreter" has just arrived and we are interested to note in it a reply to an article in a former number regarding some "Hindrances to the Spread of Christianity." Professor Bhagawat had pointed out what seemed to him from the position of a Brahmanical Hindu, certain very great weaknesses in the spirit and method of those whose aim it is to evangelize India. Miss Ackland, the author of the reply, maintains that, while there is no doubt much in this presentation to invite the careful attention of Christian missionaries, still there is another side of the matter that must not be overlooked. "There are always two sides to a question" she writes "and is it not possible that there may be some things in the character of a Hindu, as well as in the behaviour of a missionary, which hinder the spread of Christianity?"

After speaking of the impersonality of the Hindu religion, Miss Ackland says "Take a second thought: Hinduism is more a philosophy than a religion. It is something in its highest and best far removed from the life and comprehension of ordinary men. It is a theory rather than a practical guide to conduct, while Christianity is exactly the reverse. It is not a theory to be argued and talked on but something to be lived by. It is revealed unto babes and not only to the wise, it is a help and stay for rich and poor, young and old, wise and ignorant, sorrowful and joyful. It is at its best a practice, not a theory, and its test is the fruit of a blameless life. Many and many a Hindu knows about Christianity, he loves to argue on its mysteries, but its secrets are not revealed to him. He does not know that 'he that willeth shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God,' and that 'to them that received Christ to them gave he power to become the sons of God.' He is like a soldier who expects to have his general's confidence, when he has not given him his loyalty and help. It is not till we accept Christ as our Saviour, and make that great venture in faith on his promises that we really know his love and power. Many a Hindu stands without the help of Christianity because he thinks it is entirely a matter of the mind to be reasoned upon, and will not trust Christ with all his heart."

WHATSOEVER HE SAITH UNTO YOU, DO IT.

(Continued from last issue.)

The command to love and to serve.

The second command is social—to love and serve. And that is the correct order. The Christ-like character does not end in itself. It works out in Christ-like service. Christ is character incarnate, and character at work. Holiness relates to character. Righteousness is holiness at work.

Holiness compelled Pilate to say, "I find no fault in Him." Righteousness is this holiness girt about with a towel, washing the disciples feet. Righteousness is holiness quieting waves, relieving sickness, feeding the hungry and raising the dead. Holiness is goodness, true goodness—too rare a thing in this world. Righteousness is holiness being good for something. Righteousness is holiness loving men and serving them.

Sovereignty is a triple thing: sovereignty of character, sovereignty of love, sovereignty of service. Men are afraid to be or to seem warm-hearted. We have a shameful theory that love of learning is very becoming, love of men rather vulgar; that philosophers are very fine, but philanthropists are inclined to be noisy ranters. But Christ's words must be read clear through. He said, "Be perfect," but He also said, "Love one another." And the heart of the world breaks for lack of love, not for lack of money or advice. McAll went into Paris knowing but two sentences in French—"God loves you" "I love you." He said them over and over until men said they were true, and he became the mightiest single force in France. Love is the greatest thing in the world. Our universities exist to train philosophers and philanthropists—lovers of truth who shall be also lovers of men. The crowd is vulgar. A daintily-bound volume is more agreeable to the touch than a hard and dirty hand. We make speeches and write editorials on the common people, but we never touch their hands. We seem a long way from Him who said, "Love one another"; but culture must not soil its hands. The cleanest hands in history are those that mixed the clay for blind eyes, that touched the leper in his foulness, the beggar in his rags, and that were, at the last, nailed to the Cross. "Having loved His own, He loved them to the end." He loved actual men, not the idealised abstraction called man. Those with this spirit have not been wanting. The great scholar of the first century, loving logic and letters, sits down with people whom he also loved, and weaves dirty haircloth for tents, saying, "The love of Christ constraineth me." And the line of that great love of men reaches down to our day. Father Tabb says of Father Damien, lover of the lepers:

"O God, the cleanest offering

The tainted earth can show.

Unblushing to Thy feet we bring,

A leper white as snow."

Three words has He spoken—BE, LOVE, SERVE.

There He is, saying, "Be ye therefore perfect;"

"Love one another;" "The greatest of all is the servant of all." And there stands His mother, saying, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

THE COMMAND TO GO.

Christ's third command is missionary: "Go ye." Personal, social, missionary—these words cannot be separated.

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The first cannot be obeyed without the others following. The perfect character loves and serves and goes. Cheerfully will we admit the splendid service rendered to mankind by hermits and monks, but neither the hermit nor the monk is for to-day or to-morrow. St Anthony is not so impressive a figure as Judson, or Carey, or Damien, or Hannington. The Christian principle is an active principle. Since Christ's last command, the final test of Christian character has been its disposition to go. In reply to the question, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" there may be a strange answer. For St Paul the answer was the beasts at Ephesus, the ship-wreck on the Mediterranean, the dungeon at Rome, the martyr's crown. For the early disciples that answer was the swift, fierce blows of persecution, scattering them as sheep without a shepherd. For John Hues it was a kindled fire, a handful of ashes, and a chain hanging to the burnt stump of a stake. For Coleridge Patterson it was the Pacific Isles, death at the hands of the savages, and the body of this young English scholar-bishop "lying in an open boat, floating away over the bright blue waters, his hands crossed as if in prayer, and a palm branch on his breast." For Ignatius it was the lions, for Polycarp and Savonarola the fire. For the Waldenses the answer was the dens and caves of the Alps; for Livingstone death in an African hut, "to heal the open sore of the world"; for the early Methodists it was the wilderness, the hunger, the stoning, the river, the swamps, and death; for the pilgrims, banishment, a perilous journey over raging seas, and a bleak welcome to savage tribes and frozen shores. For hundreds more the answer will be exile and loneliness, love and service in land where there will be no white face, no familiar voice save His.

It all ties itself up together in one grand motive force. "Be ye therefore perfect," "Love one another," "Servant of all," "Go into all the world," "If ye love Me, keep My commandments," "Ye are My friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." There is the motive, working from above working within, and working out the consummate result. All this He bids; and there stand His mother, saying, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

The career of the greatest Englishman of our age had its explanation. The secret of his power was not his love of home, nor his matchless oratory. It was his obedience to Christ. Over the Gladstone bed for more than half a century hung the motto, "Christian, remember what thou hast to do." On June 12, 1841, Charles Kingsley, when a Cambridge student, wrote in his Journal:—

"My birthright—I have been for the last hour on the seashore, not dreaming, but thinking deeply and forming determinations which are to affect my destiny through time and through eternity. Before the sleeping earth and the sleepless sea and stars, I have devoted myself to God; a vow never (if He gives me the faith I pray for) to be recalled."

And it never was. When Hannington was ordered to Africa, he said, "I could no more say 'No' than Gordon could when he was ordered to Khartoum." These are the shining pages out of our Christian history. Not stately temple, nor impressive ritual, nor smoking sacrifice, is so pleasing to God as are these thrilling specimens of loyal obedience to His Son.

Until we see Him yonder and cast our crowns before Him—until then and after—"Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

THE LOG OF LIFE.

BY W. D. N.

"They that go down to the sea in ship"
(Psalm cvii. 23).

Now you set sail and I set sail upon the sea of life—

And times there are when comes a gale that cuts us like a knife;

When comes a blast that shudders past and shrivels up our souls—

It blows from off the barren rocks where sorrow spread shoals,

Where bitterly the billows break and chatter of defeat.

Long after we have struggled by their echoes hoarsely beat.

Some of us sail, but where the sea in silver spray is curled.
Some of us beat beyond the rim that bounds the rounding world.

Some of us ride upon the tide that in moonlight gleams,
And sighs of peace and happiness within the port of dreams.

And some of us go blindly up and down across the silent sea
To find the vanished harbour in the land of used-to-be.

But everywhere and anywhere our ships may moor or sail
There is a call for one and all—a wholesome, friendly hail
It may be in the port of dreams, or off of sorrow's shoals,
Or when in midsea's placidness the vessel idly rolls,—

Wherever, on or off our course, we will but pause to hear,
There comes to us a hail that rings with fellowship and cheer.

So you go down and I go down into the sea of life—

To feel the bite of angry winds along the reefs of strife

To hear the strains of dim refrains from off some singing coast

But through it all the friendly calls is what we count the most.

The sea of life is long and wide, but we sail to the end—

Through shine and fog we write the log. "This day we hailed a friend."

—Chicago Tribune.

All doors to success in this part of the country are marked "push."

TEACHING CHILDREN TO ACT THEIR LESSONS.

Some ten years ago two Miss Johnsons took over the working of the Sompting School, which nestles in a tiny village some three miles from Worthing, and their first recollections of the youth of the countryside must be both unpleasant and amusing. In the early days of their residence at the schoolhouse their endeavour to probe the knowledge of their pupils invariably ended in one result: "Don't noa, mum."

Most of the lads are the sons of people engaged in agriculture and market gardening, and the authorities of the school made it plain that it was only necessary to teach the celebrated "three R's," and not too much of that. Miss Johnson suggested there might be a fourth R added, under the title of "reason," and on the basis of four R's the school has been conducted ever since, until reason predominates, enabling the youngsters to acquire some knowledge even outside the general acceptance of primary school education.

At Sompting the children are taught on the lines which combine dramatic action and artistic temperament, with marvellous results.

Little by little the history of our country is followed out. "Where is Queen Elizabeth?" Miss Johnson asks the class, and a pretty little village maiden steps forward and retires to the dressing-room to make up for the part she plays in a historical tableau. Sir Walter Raleigh next leaves the class to assume a rough make-up of the personage he is to represent, and then the history of the times of these famous people is carefully explained by the teacher, and at a suitable time the Queen, resplendent with royal paper head-dress, appears, and is seated on her throne surrounded by a number of little lads and girls made up to take the part of countries. Sir Walter Raleigh comes forward, and is duly knighted by Queen Elizabeth. By this means the children never forget the facts connected with the life of Queen Elizabeth.

The same method is followed in the study of geography.

"Where are the settlers?" Miss Johnson asks, as the lesson in geography commences, and a number of lads come forward to take up those roles in a geography lesson. To the surprise of the observer a small tree is brought into the classroom, and in pantomime is forthwith felled by the settlers, in, say, British Columbia; the log is then pulled across the schoolroom to an imaginary river which passes through the district which is being studied. Cast into the river, it is carried down by the help of the mind's eye to the sea coast, the children, meanwhile, being told from time to time the districts the log passes through, its eventual port of shipment, and its probable destination and use. One after the other the various countries of the earth are studied in a like manner.

The study of Nature forms at once an entertaining and healthy education for the children, and they are taken across the Downs, while the teachers point out various specimens and explain their nature, habits, and growth; but the Misses Johnson have even invented a system for familiarising their pupils in an entertaining way with the habits of animals of other lands. "Now, you beavers," the teacher calls out to her pupils, and while she explains the habits of the beaver and the countries in which it is found, she leads up to a final scene where a party of boys jump about making a fair representation of beavers, while others with pieces of fur over their heads, and blankets-made of table-cloths pinned round their shoulders, hunt the beavers in the character of Indians, with spear and crossbow.

The tiny mites in the infant class imbibe their knowledge in an equally amusing way. The tedious adding of figures to figure is taught by all of the little ones bearing a plainly printed number pinned on the front of their dresses. The class is then drawn up, and the teacher asks for a number. Some little suggest ten, and forthwith a happy jig will be commenced by the learners, but everyone has something to do besides jigging—number five must find another five, and thus make the ten decided upon, while seven will dance round until number three is found.

"SHE SPAKE OF HIM."

Luke ii. 38.

"SHE spake of Him"—an aged saint

Of more than hundred changeful years!

Life's eventide was full of song

Whose morn had known the widow's tears!

"SHE spake of Him"—for widowhood

Had failed to make her vision dim;

Bereavement had enriched her soul,

And filled her life and lips with "Him."

"SHE spake of Him"—for had she not

Through long, long years in service dwelt

Within the sacred Temple court,

And oft his gracious Presence felt?

"SHE spake of Him"—as prophetess

She had foreseen this glad some day;

And now, in Simeon's trembling arms,

The Christ of God before her lay!

"SHE spake of Him"—the helpless Babe!

The mighty Saviour yet to be!

And from her joyous lips there rose

Thanksgiving charged with ecstasy.

"SHE spake of Him"—then surely I

Who know Him better far than she,

Should let my lips with gladness tell

Of all that He has done for me!

S. E. BURROWS.

LITERARY

In any feeling, bright to have long views about and deep brains large and profound floor of intelligence take an elevation of mechanic back, even live with it on it but not some process Walter Scott knowledge, nation and of the second owe their parting. Milton titute the p others. Sc Hardy, Geo how futile deep emotion to draw a l ry, for the cognize not

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LITERARY IMAGINATION WITHOUT FEELING.

In any form of literature, imagination, without deep feeling, brings us into the clouds. Some writers seem to have long and narrow brains giving them narrow views about everything. Other seem to have broad and deep brains, and their sentiments and views are large and profound. Others, again, inhabit the seventh floor of intellect—we never walk in to see them, we take an elevator and go up; we visit them by a process of mechanics and metaphysics—but we are glad to get back, even by sliding down the balustrade. Some men live with the world, some in it but not of it, and some on it but not for it. But all great writers have, by some process, known the world. The secret of Sir Walter Scott's power lies in three things: imagination, knowledge, and feeling. But without feeling, imagination and knowledge would have left him a novelist of the second or third order. All the greatest writers owe their power to the concentration of energy in feeling. Milton says that imagination and passion constitute the poet; the same definition holds good for the others. Scott, Balzac, Flaubert, Hawthorne, Meredith, Hardy, George Eliot, and twenty others, prove to us how futile would have been their imagination without deep emotional power. In vain do pedantic writers try to draw a line between the best prose and the best poetry, for the line exists only by rule, and the feelings recognize none. Francis Grierson, in the March Critic.

RELY UPON YOURSELF.

Nothing better could happen to the young man, who has the right kind of spirit, than to be thrown upon the world and his own resources. A well-to-do judge once gave his son \$1,000, and told him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of the first year, his money all gone, and with several extravagant habits. At the close of the vacation the judge said to his son:

"Well, William, are you going to college this year?"

"I have no money, father."

"But I gave you \$1,000 to graduate on."

"It is all gone, father."

"Very well, my son, it is all I could give you; you can't stay here; you must now pay your own way in the world."

A new light broke in upon the vision of the young man. He accommodated himself to the situation; again left home, made his way through college, graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became Governor of the State of New York, entered the Cabinet of the President of the United States, and has made a record that will not soon die, for he was none other than William H. Seward.

FIGHTING FOG BY ELECTRICITY.

Fog and death are first cousins!

To the engineer of a locomotive and to the pilot of a vessel there is nothing in heaven or on earth that is so dreaded as a heavy fog.

As an illustration of how closely fog and death are related, the log of sea-harbor disasters in America shows that in 1904 there were 582 vessels in collision and that 78 lives were lost as a consequence, the greater portion of these being directly traceable to fogs and the inefficiency of the steam whistle as a warning medium. On railroads in the United States during this year 555 persons were killed through collisions attributed to a large extent solely to foggy weather.

Block signals on the great steel highways render the passengers secure from injury and death, compared with the transportation of humanity across waterways.

In England, recently, some unusual experiments have been made with a view to providing an apparatus that could be placed on shore or on vessels, and by discharging electricity into the air cause fogs to melt away as the morning dew before a summer's sun.

Sir Oliver Lodge, Principal of the Birmingham University, who is England's foremost electrician and who operated a wireless signaling apparatus before Signor Marconi brought out his now famous invention, is the man to whom the credit is due of having produced the remarkable result of "defogging" the air, and it is an account of his work along this line that is here written.

In recently made trials by Sir Oliver, he succeeded in dispersing a dense fog over the roof of the University in which he has his laboratory, for a space of from five hundred to eight hundred feet. This is, of course, not a very great distance; but if two vessels were equipped with similar apparatus, when they came within a thousand or a thousand five hundred feet of each other the air between them could easily be cleared sufficiently for the pilots to see without difficulty.

The apparatus resembles in some respects the sending instrument used in wireless telegraphy; but it is to all intents and purposes a very simple arrangement, comprising a dynamo for generating the electric current, a transformer for converting the electricity thus obtained into a high pressure and an interrupter for shooting the high tension electrical energy into the foggy air which it does very much as the nozzle on a hose projects water into a burning building.—A. Frederick Collins in the April "Pearson's."

Korean visiting-cards sometimes measure a foot square. The savages of Dahomey announce an intended visit by sending in advance a wooden board or the branch of a tree artistically carved. When the visit is paid, the "card" is returned to the possession of its owner, who will doubtless use it for many years. With the natives of Sumatra the visiting-card is composed of a piece of wood about a foot long, decorated with a bunch of straw and a knife.



THE REAL SAHARA.

The Sahara is not at all, as popular belief pictures it, a vast plain of moving sand, dotted here and there with fertile oases, somewhat like a leopard's skin. From Tunis westward it is a vast depression of sand and clay not much above sea level, in some parts perfectly level, in others hilly, with low depressions containing water saltier than the sea, which generally evaporates, leaving a coating of brilliant crystals which appear like snow in the distance. The rivers from the Aures mountains on the north serve to irrigate the oases of the Ziban; sometimes they flow above the surface, but often below it. There is a fascination about the desert that is indescribable and which none can understand unless they have spent several weeks with a caravan. At times the heat is very great, but being perfectly dry it does not enervate as our humid atmosphere does at a temperature 40 degrees lower. Near midday the desert appears to be a molten sea of dazzling, vibrating light. Now and then the mirage appears and the tired eyes of the stranger are refreshed with visions of beautiful lakes near the horizon, even sometimes of trees and moving caravans. Alas! this is a case where seeing is not believing. After many disappointments of its kind, the camels suddenly raise their heads and snuff the air through their curiously formed nostrils and move at a quicker pace, instinct telling them that water is near. In the far distance a low black line indicated palm trees, and in a few hours the oasis of Sidi Okba appeared, distinctly relieving the doubts of those who feared it was only a mirage. Our dragoman kicked off his slippers and climbed very nimbly up a fine palm to get some of the luscious fruit growing at the top—Scribner's Magazine.

In the museum in Mexico City is the great sacrificial stone upon which human beings were offered to the Aztec gods. It is four feet high, eight feet in diameter, of circular form with a hollow in the middle where the victim was laid; with figures in relief elaborately cut on the top and sides. It is said to be the best specimen of sculpture among the antiquities of Mexico.

Custom demanded that the captive or other victim to be sacrificed should fight seven of their best gladiators. If he won the victory over all of them his life was spared, but if vanquished he was placed on this stone and his heart taken out and offered to the gods while still palpitating. Six priests dressed in red, with green plumes on their heads, held the victim down while the knife of the chief priest found the way to his heart, cut it loose and offered it, with many prayers, to the idol of the Aztecs.

That heroism in daily life of which nobody knows but God; the heroism of the home, the shop, the office, and street, where men for Christ put self and all temptations under, and yoke themselves with the things which are from above, is with God an achievement worthy of the highest praise.

Jesus declares that the final test of salvation is *the attitude of men toward Himself*. This is the grand essential, implying all else. Conversion is just the assumption of the right attitude toward Him; and, if only we be rightly disposed toward Him, there is no fear of our spiritual condition, and, since the Church is nothing else than "Christ and His believing people," we are members of that sacred community and are faithful to the duties which it requires. Observe His further teaching: we serve Him by serving our fellow men the souls for which He died. This is His requirement—love to God exhibited by love to men. Cf. 1 Jn. 20-12. I have tried to set forth this truth in "The Pilgrim's Hospice," chap. iv. The underlying principle is that Jesus is, by His vicarious sympathy, so identified with the children of men that "in all their affliction He is afflicted" and whatever is done to them is done to Him. "He," says Jeremy Taylor, "that gives alms to the poor, takes Jesus by the hand; he that patiently endures injuries and affronts, helps Him to bear His cross; he that comforts his brother in affliction, gives an amiable kiss of peace to Jesus." Two results follow: (1) There is such a thing as *unconscious discipleship*. Such as are ignorant of Christ, yet do Christlike deed, He claims as His and will acknowledge on the Great Day. (2) It is not creed that counts. I am far from depreciating right belief, but I gladly own as brethren in the Lord many whose creed is far apart from mine. The most catholic books in the world are the Hymn Book and the New Testament. The former includes "O Saviour, bless us," written by a Roman Catholic, and "Nearer, my God, to Thee," written by Unitarian.

"The first organ to be attacked is the kidneys; the liver soon sympathizes, and the comes, most frequently, dropsy or Bright's disease, both certain to end fatally. Any physician, who cares to take the time, will tell you that among the dreadful results of beer drinking are lockjaw and erysipelas, and that the beer drinker seems incapable of recovering from mild disorders and injuries not usually regarded of a grave character. Pneumonia, pleurisy, fevers, etc., seem to have a first mortgage on him, which they foreclose remorselessly at an early opportunity."

It does not follow that people forget because they cease to mourn as those refusing to be comforted. Remembrance may live under smiles as well as under tears. Indeed the truest, the sweetest, the bravest, are those who remember this way who with a cheerful spirit go to meet all fair and pleasant gifts of God, yet carry with them, in sunshine as well as in shadow, the tender memory of some buried past.

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